

A Fawcett Publication

BIG 52 PAGES

# Monte Hale

## WESTERN



SEPTEMBER

10¢

NO. 40



# 4 BIG STORIES

STARRING THE TWO-GUN COWBOY MONTE HALE  
PLUS A GABBY HAYES FEATURE





THRILLS!  
EXCITEMENT!  
ACTION!

A  
HIT  
EVERY TIME!

FOR YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE  
BEST IN COMICS ENTERTAINMENT  
LOOK FOR

**A Fawcett Publication**

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

**ONLY 10¢**





## MONTE HALE WESTERN

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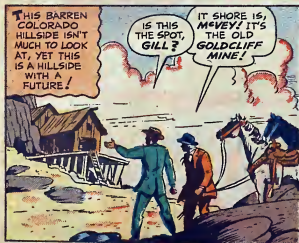
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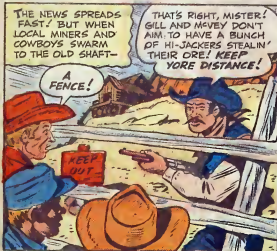
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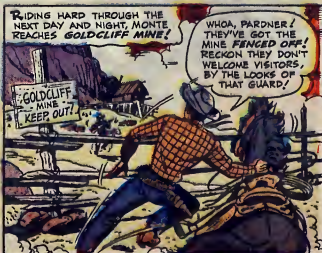
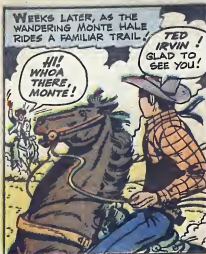
*W. H. Fawcett Jr., President*



MONTE HALE WESTERN, Sept., 1949, Vol. 7, No. 40, is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter Nov. 28, 1945, at the post office, Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Buffalo, N. Y. Copyright 1949 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices, 67 W. 44th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y. Send remittances and letters concerning subscriptions, change of address, etc., to Circulation Dept., Fawcett Pl., Greenwich, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S. possessions and Canada; Foreign, \$1.70 in international money order, U. S. funds. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.









WHAT'S YORE BUSINESS HYAR, MISTER?

I'D LIKE TO SEE THE GENTS WHO RUN THIS MINE!



GILL AND McVEY AIN'T SEENIN' NOBODY! THEY'RE TOO BUSY! SO, I'M HYAR TO TELL YUH TO GIT A-MOVIN' STRANGER!

IF YOU PUT IT THAT WAY---



MONTE RIDES OUT OF SIGHT AND THEN---

PARD, I'M HITCHING YOU HERE! IF I CAN'T GET IN THE MINE THAT WAY, I RECKON I CAN PICK UP A MINER'S OUTFIT IN TOWN AND GET IN WITH THE NEXT SHIFT!



WHEN THE NEXT SHIFT REPORTS AT THE MINE, A NEW HAND IS AMONG THE MINERS!

KEEP MOVIN' GENTS! YUH'LL BE DIGGIN' DOWN IN NUMBER THREE SHAFT!

RIGHT!



LATER--

HMMM! IF THIS MINE IS A PHONY, I CAN'T SEE WHY---I'VE NEVER SEEN BETTER ORE! I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THE REST OF THE MINE, THOUGH! AND TO DO THAT---



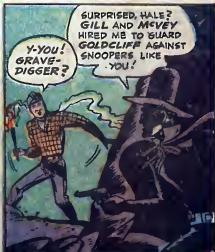
---I RECKON I'LL JUST DO A LITTLE OVER-TIME WORK!

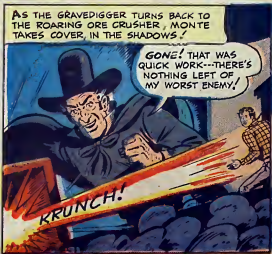
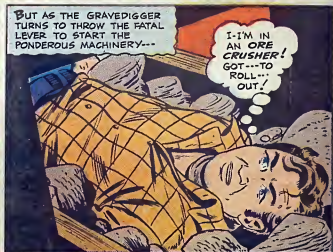
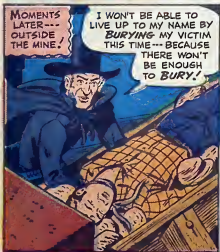
C'MON, BOYS! IT'S QUITTIN' TIME!

MONTE HIDES UNTIL THE WORKERS LEAVE, THEN---

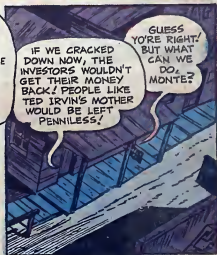
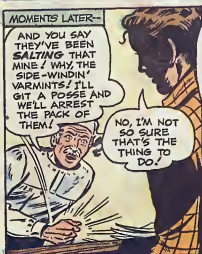
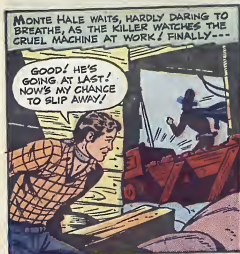


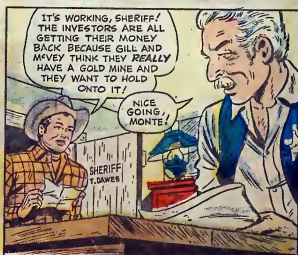
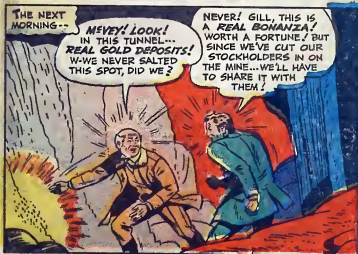
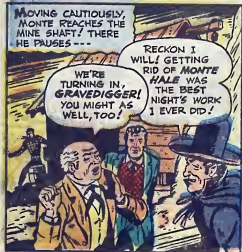
THEY'RE GONE! HERE'S MY MY CHANCE TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING. I NOTICED GILL AND McVEY WENT INTO THIS SECTION OF THE MINE! NOW, IF I CAN FIND OUT JUST WHAT THEY'RE DOING DOWN HERE!

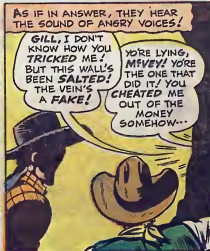
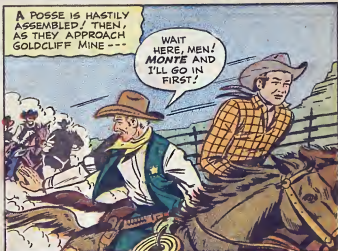


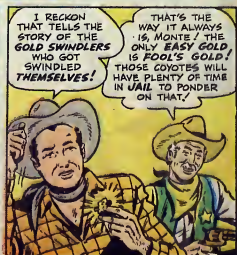














# LOU BOUDREAU

NAMED  
"ATHLETE OF THE YEAR"  
IN '48

VOTED AMERICAN  
LEAGUE'S MOST VALUABLE  
PLAYER, MGR. LOU  
BOUDREAU LED HIS  
CLEVELAND INDIANS  
TO '48 WORLD  
SERIES VICTORY.

A BRILLIANT ALL-AROUND FIELDER,  
LOU TOPPED BIG LEAGUE SHORTSTOPS  
WITH .975 PERCENTAGE. ALSO  
SPARKED INDIANS AT PLATE WITH  
.355 BATTING AVERAGE.

NOW WHEN THIS PLAY  
COMES UP - WE'LL CALL  
TIME OUT FOR MORE  
WHEATIES!

SWELL  
TRAINING  
DISH!

"GIVE ME A BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT AND  
WHEATIES AND I KNOW I'M STARTING MY  
BREAKFAST RIGHT," SAYS CHAMP BOUDREAU.  
"WHOLE WHEAT NOURISHMENT IS GOOD IN  
ANY SEASON, AND THAT WHEATIES  
FLAVOR TAKES TOP HONORS WITH  
ME MORNING AFTER MORNING."

## BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



ONE OF  
BASEBALL'S  
KEENEST  
STRATEGISTS,  
BOUDREAU TOOK ON  
DOUBLE ROLE OF  
PLAYER AND  
MANAGER WHEN  
ONLY 24 YEARS  
OLD!



# BRONKO BETSY

NOTHING TO SNIFF ABOUT

GET ON THE  
STAGECOACH,  
BETSY!  
WE'RE  
AGONNA  
VISIT  
YORE  
GRANDMAW  
IN THE NEXT  
TOWN!

GOODY,  
GOODY!

SIT DOWN,  
BETSY! THE  
STAGECOACH  
IS 'BOUT TUH  
START!

YES,  
MAW!

???

SNIFF,  
SNIFF!

SNIFF,  
SNIFF,  
SNIFF!

!!!

LITTLE GAL,  
HAVE YUH GOT A  
HANDKERCHIEF?

YES---

---I'VE GOT A  
HANKIE, BUT IT'S  
NO USE YORE  
ASKING--- I  
DON'T LEND  
IT TUH  
STRANGERS!

!

# Rocky Lane foils the Bank Robbers



ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE, famous Cowboy star, now appearing in Republic's thrilling production—"Frontier Investigator."

STEADY, BLACK JACK, I'M GOING IN FOR A QUICK SNACK.

A QUIET AFTERNOON IN TOMBSTONE

A CARNATION MALTED'S A REAL ENERGY LUNCH



SUDDENLY BANK ROBBERS START SHOOTING THEIR WAY OUT

ROCKY GIVES CHASE.



HE'S GAINING ON US, FAST!

ONE DOWN—ONE TO GO.



TRAIL'S END, MISTER!



LATER IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

THIS SURE TASTES GOOD!

AND CARNATION MALTEDS ARE EASY TO MIX, TOO.



ROCKY LANE WILL SEND YOU  
**6 COMIC BOOKS For Only 10¢**  
AND 1 CARNATION MALTED MILK LABEL



JUST LOOK AT THE TITLES! All different! All complete! 22 action-packed pages in each handy, pocket-size book. Full color—swell for trading. You get all 6 books for only 10¢ and a Carnation Malted Milk label! Just send 10¢ in coin, with your name and address, and the label, to Rocky Lane, c/o Carnation Malted Milk, Box 911, Hollywood, California.



**Hurry! Send Coupon Today!**

Rocky Lane,  
c/o Carnation Malted Milk  
Box 911, Hollywood, California  
Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ sets of 6  
full-color comic books. I enclose  
10¢ and one Carnation Malted  
Milk label for each set.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Offer Good Only While Supply Lasts

# MONTE HALE

## in PIRATE TRAIN!

THUNDERING OUT OF NOWHERE IT CAME--A MIDNIGHT-BLACK EXPRESS TRAIN, MANNED BY A CREW OF DESPERATE OUTLAWS! SWIFTLY IT STRUCK...AND AS SWIFTLY IT DISAPPEARED! WITH TERROR GRIPPING THE WESTERN PRAIRIE-LAND, MONTE HALE KNEW HE HAD A DOUBLE JOB TO DO! HE HAD TO DISCOVER THE SECRET OF THE PIRATE TRAIN-- AND HE HAD TO CAPTURE ITS RUTHLESS CAPTAIN AND CREW!

THE PIRATE TRAIN! IT'S GOING TO RUN ME DOWN!

IN THE RAILROAD CENTER OF ARIZONA CITY---

AS PRESIDENT OF THE ARIZONA AND PACIFIC RAILROAD, I WANT TO GIVE THIS AWARD TO YOU, MONTE HALE, FOR ALL THE HELP YOU'VE GIVEN US IN COMPLETING OUR LINE THROUGH THE STATE!

THANK YOU, MR. BAKER!

THE RAILROAD'S GOING TO BRING HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY TO THE WEST--AND IT WAS A PLEASURE TO HELP BUILD IT!

SUDDENLY!

MR. BAKER! A RUSH TELEGRAM! I FIGGERED YUH'D BETTER SEE IT PRONTO!

WHAT DOES THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE CONTAIN?



# MONTE HALE WESTERN

ACCORDING TO THIS, MONTE, A MAIL TRAIN WAS JUST HELD UP AND ROBBED AT CRANSTON BY A BAND OF OUTLAWS WHO ESCAPED IN A BLACK EXPRESS TRAIN!



THEY HEADED FOR EL PASO AND NO SIGN HAS BEEN SEEN OF THEM SINCE!



THIS IS INCREDIBLE! A--A PIRATE TRAIN!

INCREDIBLE? MAYBE, BUT IT'S HAPPENED! AND WE'D BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!



THAT'S RIGHT, MONTE! THEY'RE BOUND TO STRIKE AGAIN! WILL YOU TAKE ON ONE MORE ASSIGNMENT FOR THE RAILROAD--THE JOB OF TRACKING THIS GANG DOWN?

THERE ISN'T MUCH TO GO ON-- BUT I'LL DO WHAT I CAN... STARTING RIGHT NOW!



PARD AND I'LL HEAD FOR CRANSTON! WE'LL WIRE YOU WHEN WE GET THERE!

GOOD LUCK, MONTE!



BUT BY THE TIME MONTE HALE REACHES CRANSTON--

MONTE! WE WERE TOLD YUH'D BE COMING! THERE'S BAD NEWS! THE OUTLAWS ON THE PIRATE TRAIN HAVE STRUCK AGAIN!

CRAN



"...THEY'VE HELD UP A BANK NORTH OF HERE --- AND ESCAPED, JUST LIKE BEFORE!"



# MONTE HALE WESTERN

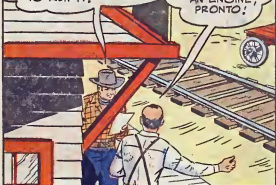
THAT'S BAD! TO REALLY GO AFTER THIS GANG, IT LOOKS AS IF I'M GOING TO HAVE TO HAVE A LOCOMOTIVE OF MY OWN--AND A CREW TO RUN IT!

WE WERE TOLD TO GIVE YUH WHATEVER YUH NEEDED, MONTE! WE'LL ROUST UP AN ENGINE, PRONTO!

SO IT IS THAT, WITHIN A FEW HOURS---

WHEN LAST SEEN, THE OUTLAWS WERE HEADING DOWN THE MAIN LINE TO THE LEFT! LET'S TAKE THAT SPUR TO THE RIGHT THROUGH THE HILLS AND SEE IF WE CAN HEAD THEM OFF!

GOOD IDEA, HALB! THAT'S A SHORT CUT! I'LL HOP OUT AND THROW THE SWITCH!



BUT MONTE'S MANEUVER IS FRUITLESS, AND BY THE TIME HE GETS BACK TO THE MAIN LINE...

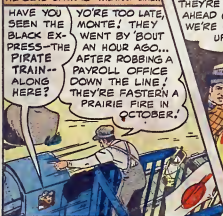
HAVE YOU SEEN THE BLACK EXPRESS--THE PIRATE TRAIN--ALONG HERE?

YO'RE TOO LATE, MONTE! THEY WENT BY 'BOUT AN HOUR AGO... AFTER ROBBING A PAYROLL OFFICE DOWN THE LINE! THEY'RE FASTER A PRAIRIE FIRE IN OCTOBER.

HEAR THAT? THEY'VE STRUCK AGAIN, BUT THEY'RE ONLY AN HOUR AHEAD OF US NOW! WE'RE CATCHING UP!

KEEP PILING THAT COAL ON, BOYD! LET'S MAKE TIME!

FINALLY!



LOOK! THERE THEY GO! THEY STOPPED FOR WATER BY THAT SIDING, BUT THEY'RE OFF AGAIN!



FASTER! FASTER! THIS IS OUR CHANCE! KEEP THAT STEAM UP!

BUT SUDDENLY!

STOP! STOP 'ER! WE'RE BEING SIDE-TRACKED!

SO THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE DOING! SWITCHED US RIGHT OFF THE MAIN TRACK ONTO THIS SIDING!



BY THE TIME MONTE'S ENGINE IS BACK ON THE MAIN TRACK--

THEY'RE TOO FAR AHEAD FOR US TO CATCH NOW! THERE'S A JUNCTION BEYOND THE BEND AND WE WOULDN'T KNOW WHICH TRACK THEY TOOK! WHOEVER'S RUNNING THAT PIRATE TRAIN KNOWS PLenty ABOUT RAIL-ROADING! WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA...

LET'S HEAD BACK TO THE DEPOT! I WANT TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE ENGINEERS' SCHEDULES!

SOON--

THESE ARE THE SCHEDULES YOU WANTED, MONTE. BUT-- WHY?

BECAUSE I'M CONVINCED THAT THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS OUTLAW GANG IS SOMEONE WORKING FOR THE RAILROAD! TO FIND OUT HOW THE BLACK EXPRESS DISAPPEARS-- AND TO CAPTURE ITS CREW-- I'VE GOT TO UNCOVER HIM!

ACCORDING TO THESE SCHEDULES, ONLY TWO MEN WERE NOT WORKING WHILE THE HOLDUPS WERE GOING ON! THEIR NAMES ARE GEORGE KIPPS AND JIM CROZIER!

KIPPS AND CROZIER! BOTH ARE ACE ENGINEERS--OLD-TIMERS WITH THE RAILROAD!

I SEE! PERHAPS THE BEST THING WILL BE FOR ME TO TRAIL ONE OF THEM UNTIL A CLUE DEVELOPS.. OR UNTIL THE PIRATE TRAIN STRIKES--

AGAIN! IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN! THE OUTLAWS STRUCK-- ROBBED ANOTHER MAIL TRAIN! THEY'RE HEADING TOWARD EL PASO!

THAT SETTLES IT! WE'VE STILL GOT STEAM UP-- SO I'M HEADING FOR EL PASO!

WHICH WAY, MONTE?

HEAD FOR EL PASO! AND THIS TIME, LET'S KEEP OUR EYES OPEN! WE'VE FINALLY GOT A COUPLE OF SUSPECTS TO THINK ABOUT!

FOR HOURS, MONTE'S EXPRESS HIGHBALLS ALONG THE PRAIRIE. THEN, APPROACHING EL PASO--

LOOK! THERE THEY ARE AGAIN!

KEEP MOVING! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH UP THIS TIME!

THEY'VE PULLED INTO THE CAR YARDS--- MUST BE ON A SIDING SOMEWHERE!

BUT THEY'RE ONLY A COUPLE OF MINUTES AHEAD OF US! QUICK! LET'S SEARCH THE YARDS!

MONTE AND THE RAILROAD MEN FAN OUT TO COMB THE AREA! THEN--

NO SIGN OF THEM-- OH! OH! I'VE SEEN THAT ENGINEER BEFORE!

HOLD ON THERE! AREN'T YOU JIM CROZIER?

THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER! WHAT'S IT TO YUH?

I'M NOT SURE, YET! TELL ME--HAVE YOU BEEN OUT OF THE YARDS IN THAT ENGINE?

THIS OLD FREIGHT? SHUCKS, NO! IT HASN'T BEEN OUT FER WEEKS!

MONTE HALE HAS A SUDDEN HUNCH! HE PUTS HIS HAND UP---

HASN'T BEEN OUT FOR WEEKS! THEN MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHY ITS BOILER IS STILL RED-HOT!

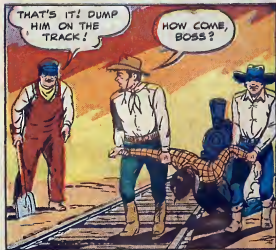
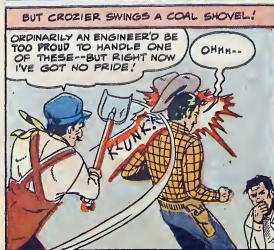
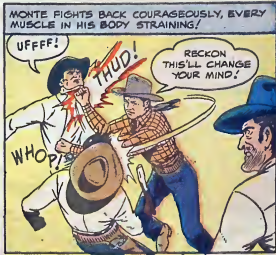
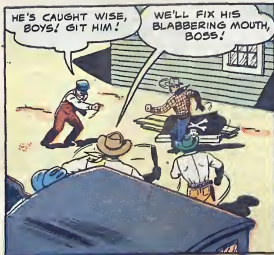
WHY--WHY-- I'VE JUST BEEN TESTING THE ENGINE!

JUST TESTING, EH? AND HOW ABOUT THIS BLACK CANVAS-- WITH A PIRATE INSIGNIA ON IT?

YOU'RE SMART, HALE-- TOO SMART!



# MONTE HALE WESTERN



# MONTE HALE WESTERN



BUT MONTE'S MIGHTY HANDS GRIP THE CAB ROOF AND HE SWINGS IN---



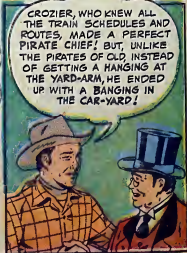
YUH'VE GOT MORE LIVES THAN A TOMCAT, HALE, BUT THIS'LL FINISH 'EM OFF ALL AT ONCE!



THE REST OF THE GANG IS ROUNDED UP! SOON--

MONTE! I GOT WORD THAT YOU CAPTURED THE GANG--

THEY'RE BEHIND BARS RIGHT NOW, MR. BAKER! HERE'S THE BLACK CANVAS THEY USED TO DISGUISE A POWERFUL ENGINE-- THEIR PIRATE TRAIN!



# It's Terrific!

A jet-model racer with split-second speed!

NO WINDING! NO  
PUSHING! OPERATES  
BY CATAPULT  
ACTION!

ACTUAL SIZE SHOWN

METAL LAUNCHER  
sets off the catapult  
action. Insert, re-  
lease, it's off—do  
it with one hand!  
Full instructions  
come with the racer

TORPEDO BODY of bright,  
durable plastic, with  
metal axles, wheels of  
contrasting color!

## Race Them!

ONLY 20¢ with 1 box top from  
**Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES**

IT'S A WOW! A new, durable, plastic racing car that operates by catapult action! A bang-up hit with the kids and grownups who have seen it! A genuine bargain for you and your friends! For each jet-model racer, mail your name and full address with 20 cents and a Kellogg's Rice Krispies box top to: Kellogg's, Box 313, New York 8, N. Y. Order quickly! Order as many as you want!

**USE THIS EASY COUPON!**

KELLOGG'S, Box 313, New York 8, N. Y.

Yes, send me right away \_\_\_\_\_ (number) Jet-Model Racer(s). For each Racer I enclose 20 cents in coin and a separate top (marked "top") from a package of Kellogg's Rice Krispies.

Print all this:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City or RFO \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

This offer limited to residents of U. S. only.

Copyright 1949, by Kellogg Co.



# OLD SLICK



IN DAYS  
OF YORE!

HOWDY, TOADY!  
WHUT ARE YUH  
READING 'BOUT?

YUH WOULDN'T KNOW EVEN  
IF I TOLD YUH, YUH DUMB  
OLD COWPOKE!



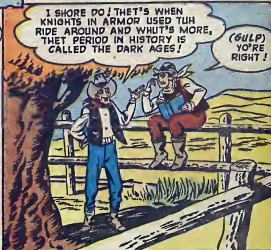
LISTEN, YUH YOUNG  
SQUIRT, I'VE FORGOTTEN  
MORE THAN YUH'LL  
EVER KNOW!

OH, YEAH? WAL,  
THIS BOOK IS 'BOUT THE  
MEDIEVAL CENTURIES!  
DO YUH KNOW  
ANYTHING 'BOUT  
THAT?



I SHORE DO! THET'S WHEN  
KNIGHTS IN ARMOR USED TUH  
RIDE AROUND AND WHUT'S MORE,  
THET PERIOD IN HISTORY IS  
CALLED THE DARK AGES!

(GULP)  
YO'RE  
RIGHT!



AND I'LL BET YUH  
A GOOD STIFF KICK  
IN THE BREECHES  
I KNOW MORE  
ABOUT MEDIEVAL  
TIMES THAN  
YUH DO!

THET'S  
A BET,  
YUH OLD  
GOAT!

WAL, WHY ARE THE  
MEDIEVAL CENTURIES  
CALLED THE  
DARK AGES?

BECAUZ-ER,  
ER, (GULP)  
I DON'T  
KNOW!



WAL, I DO! THEY'RE CALLED  
THE DARK AGES BECAUSE  
IT WUZ THE KNIGHT-TIME!  
HA, HA, I WIN THE BET!





HELLO, FOLKS!

I'LL SAY

MAKE ME SAY

WHAT'S UP, DOC?

HEY, KIDS! HERE WE ARE...

**BUGS BUNNY & PORKY PIG**

AMAZING NEW **TALKING TOYS**

NOW AVAILABLE FOR THE FIRST TIME AS TALKING METAL TOYS

Two metal toys, created in the like new of the famous Warner Bros. cartoon characters, reproduced in brilliant colors with a protective varnish finish. "Bugs Bunny" is nine inches tall - "Porky Pig" is almost seven and one half inches tall. And, you can really make them talk!

These talking toys are not for sale at any store. You can get your set by sending in the coupon, below, right now. The two talking toys will be delivered into your home, through the Government mail. Act now - send the coupon in today. If you send two dollars in cash, check, or money order, you'll save all postage and C.O.D. charges. If you prefer, order your talking toys C.O.D., for only two dollars plus postage and C.O.D. charges. In either case, send the coupon in, today, so you'll be the first in your neighborhood to have these amazing talking toys.

**SEND COUPON TODAY!**

Toy Production at Hollywood Dept. 11  
4922 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 32, Calif.

Customers: Bugs Bunny and Porky Pig look great! Please send them to me, right away!

☐ Enclosed is \$2.00 in cash, check, or money order. Send postpaid.

☐ Send them C.O.D., we'll pay postage \$1.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

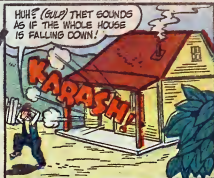
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**BOTH FOR ONLY \$2**

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# LAMEBRAIN LEM



# MONTE HALE

in  
MILLIONAIRE  
\$  
ROUNDUP

THOSE ARE THE COYOTE'S TRACKS, BELL! HE'S BOUND TO BE AROUND SOMEWHERE!

COME A STEP CLOSER, HALE, AND I'LL SHOW YUH WHERE I AM WITH A SLUG RIGHT BETWEEN YORE EYES!

RIMROCK COUNTY didn't have a sheriff! As a result, it was infested by the meanest bunch of gun-toting sidewinders the West had ever seen! Small wonder, then, that MONTE HALE was amazed to find BARKLEY BELL, retired Eastern millionaire, settling down in Rimrock for, of all things, his *HEALTH!*

AS MONTE HALE RIDES INTO RIMROCK, HIS HAND HOVERS CLOSE TO HIS GUNBELT!

RIMROCK IS THE TOUGHEST SPOT IN THESE PARTS! I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I EVER WENT THROUGH HERE WITHOUT RUNNING INTO TROUBLE!

AND, AS USUAL--

STEP ASIDE FROM MY WAGON, YOU HOODLUMS--OR---OR I'LL CALL THE LAW!

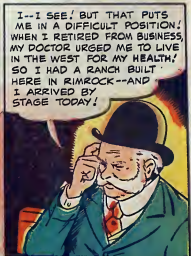
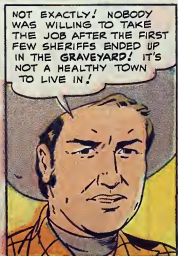
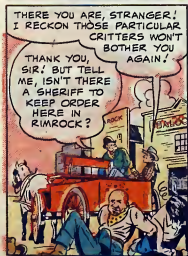
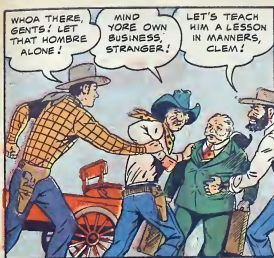
THE LAW?

THAR AINT NO LAW IN RIMROCK, MISTER!

THAT'S TELLING HIM, GLEM! SLAP HIM DOWN AND LET'S GRAB HIS LUGGAGE!

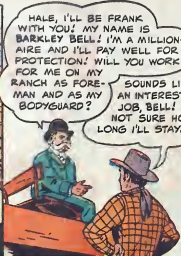
OH, OH! GUN TOUGHS GANGING UP ON ONE MAN... AND A DUDE AT THAT! TIME TO CHANGE THE ODDS!







YOU CAME HERE FOR YOUR HEALTH? LISTEN, MISTER! I'M MONTE HALE AND I WOULDN'T LIVE HERE IN RIMROCK!



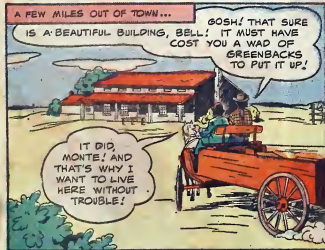
HALE, I'LL BE FRANK WITH YOU! MY NAME IS BARKLEY BELL! I'M A MILLIONAIRE AND I'LL PAY WELL FOR PROTECTION! WILL YOU WORK FOR ME ON MY RANCH AS FOREMAN AND AS MY BODYGUARD?

SOUNDS LIKE AN INTERESTING JOB, BELL! I'M NOT SURE HOW LONG I'LL STAY...



...BUT I'LL DO IT!

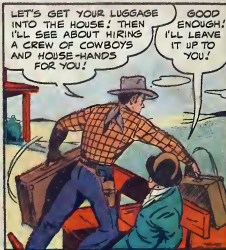
GOOD! LET'S DRIVE OUT TO THE RANCH! YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT!



A FEW MILES OUT OF TOWN...

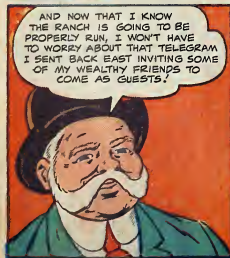
IS A BEAUTIFUL BUILDING, BELL! IT MUST HAVE COST YOU A WAD OF GREENBACKS TO PUT IT UP!

IT DID, MONTE! AND THAT'S WHY I WANT TO LIVE HERE WITHOUT TROUBLE!

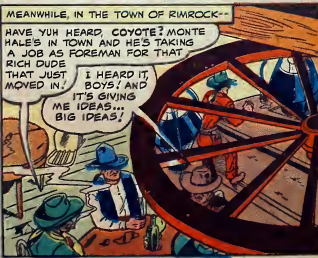


LET'S GET YOUR LUGGAGE INTO THE HOUSE! THEN I'LL SEE ABOUT HIRING A CREW OF COWBOYS AND HOUSE-HANDS FOR YOU!

GOOD ENOUGH! I'LL LEAVE IT UP TO YOU!



AND NOW THAT I KNOW THE RANCH IS GOING TO BE PROPERLY RUN, I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT TELEGRAM I SENT BACK EAST INVITING SOME OF MY WEALTHY FRIENDS TO COME AS GUESTS.



MEANWHILE, IN THE TOWN OF RIMROCK--

HAVE YUH HEARD, COYOTE? MONTE HALE'S IN TOWN AND HE'S TAKING A JOB AS FOREMAN FOR THAT RICH DUDE THAT JUST MOVED IN!

I HEARD IT, BOYS! AND IT'S GIVING ME IDEAS... BIG IDEAS!



THE COYOTE, TOUGHEST HOMBRE IN THE WHOLE TOWN OF GUN-SLINGERS, LAYS PLANS WITH HIS HENCHMEN!

WHAT DO' YUH MEAN?

I GOT WORD THAT THIS FELLER BELL'S A MILLIONAIRE --AND THAT HE'S GOING TO HAVE FOLKS VISITING HIM, JUST AS RICH!

ALL THAT JUICY MAZUMA WILL BE JUST BEGGING TO BE TAKEN! LISTEN...

DAYS LATER...

WELL, YOUR GUESTS ARE ALL HERE, BELL, AND ENJOYING THEMSELVES! YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'RE HAVING A GOOD TIME, TOO!

I SURE AM, MONTE! THIS COWBOY LIFE IS THE LIFE FOR ME!

SUDDENLY! JOSH HAWKINS FROM TOWN! WHAT'S UP, JOSH?

PLENTY, MONTE! THE COYOTE AND HIS GANG JUST ROBBED THE RIM-ROCK BANK! THEY GOT AWAY WITH A GOLD SHIPMENT! AND THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE HILLS RIGHT NOW!

WE'LL HAVE TO GET AFTER THEM! LET'S ROUND UP THE OTHER COWBOYS ON THE RANCH! WE'LL FORM A POSSE!

AND SOON...

HEAD FOR TOWN!

EEE-YIPPER! LET'S GO, BOYS!

RACING INTO RIMROCK AT TOP SPEED...

WHICH WAY DID THE COYOTE RIDE, GENTS?

DOWN THAT WAY, MONTE!

HE'S GOT A HALF-HOUR LEAD ON YOU, HALE! KEEP AFTER HIM!

A FEW MILES OUT OF TOWN...

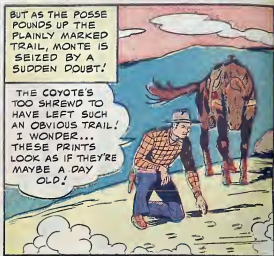
LOOK! THE TRAIL LEADS UP THE SLOPE AWAY FROM THE CREEK!

RIGHT! LET'S FOLLER IT!



BUT AS THE POSSE POUNDS UP THE PLAINLY MARKED TRAIL, MONTE IS SEIZED BY A SUDDEN DOUBT!

THE COYOTE'S TOO SHREWD TO HAVE LEFT SUCH AN OBVIOUS TRAIL! I WONDER... THESE PRINTS LOOK AS IF THEY'RE MAYBE A DAY OLD!



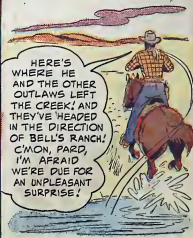
AND THE CREEK--IT'S MUDDY, AS IF IT WERE STIRRED UP BY HOOFES! SO THAT'S IT--THE COYOTE MADE THE OTHER TRAIL BEFORE HE RAIDED THE BANK, TO DECOY THE POSSE! THEN HE AND HIS GANG REALLY WENT UP THE CREEK!



THE REST OF THE RIDERS HAVE GONE ON, SO I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THE COYOTE BY MYSELF!



HERE'S WHERE HE AND THE OTHER OUTLAWS LEFT THE CREEK! AND THEY'VE HEADED IN THE DIRECTION OF BELL'S RANCH! C'MON, PARD, I'M AFRAID WE'RE DUE FOR AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE!



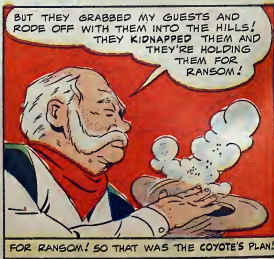
MONTE'S HUNCH IS RIGHT!

BELL! WHAT HAPPENED?

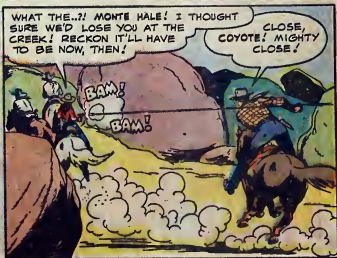
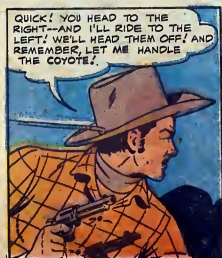
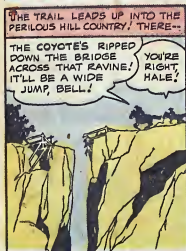
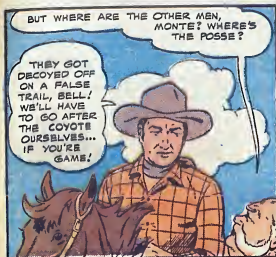
THE COYOTE AND HIS GANG CAME BY! THEY THOUGHT I WAS A RANCH HAND ... AND THEY SLUGGED ME!



BUT THEY GRABBED MY GUESTS AND RODE OFF WITH THEM INTO THE HILLS! THEY KIDNAPPED THEM AND THEY'RE HOLDING THEM FOR RANSOM!



FOR RANSOM! SO THAT WAS THE COYOTE'S PLAN!





BUT NOT AS CLOSE AS THIS!

AII-EEE!  
MY HAND!

AS CALMLY  
AS IF HE  
WERE KNOCK-  
ING OFF  
CLAY DUCKS  
IN A  
SHOOTING  
GALLERY,  
MONTE HALE  
FIRES AGAIN  
AND  
AGAIN!



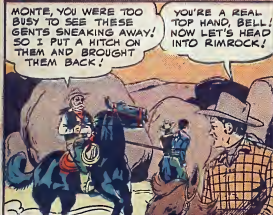
NOW TO ATTEND TO THE COYOTE'S PUPS!

AAAAHHH!  
MY ARM!

NO! DON'T  
SHOOT! WE  
GIVE UP!

BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!

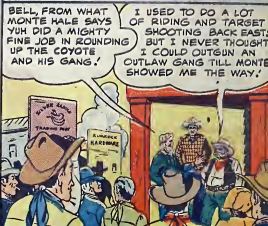
PANIC-STRICKEN, THE OUTLAWS SURRENDER!  
AND, SURPRISINGLY, BARKLEY BELL RIDES UP!



MONTE, YOU WERE TOO  
BUSY TO SEE THESE  
GENTS SNEAKING AWAY!  
SO I PUT A HITCH ON  
THEM AND BROUGHT  
THEM BACK!

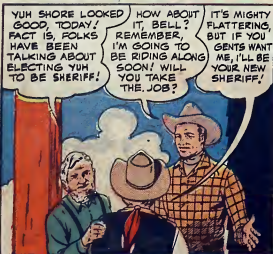
YOU'RE A REAL  
TOP HAND, BELL!  
NOW LET'S HEAD  
INTO RIMROCK!

LATER, AT A MEETING OF RIMROCK CITIZENS...



BELL, FROM WHAT  
MONTE HALE SAYS  
YUH DID A MIGHTY  
FINE JOB IN ROUNDING  
UP THE COYOTE  
AND HIS GANG!

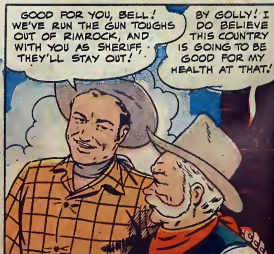
I USED TO DO A LOT  
OF RIDING AND TARGET  
SHOOTING BACK EAST,  
BUT I NEVER THOUGHT  
I COULD OUTGUN AN  
OUTLAW GANG TILL MONTE  
SHOWED ME THE WAY!



YUH SHORE LOOKED  
GOOD, TODAY!  
FACT IS, FOLKS  
HAVE BEEN  
TALKING ABOUT  
ELECTING YUH  
TO BE SHERIFF!

HOW ABOUT  
IT, BELL?  
REMEMBER,  
I'M GOING TO  
BE RIDING ALONG  
SOON! WILL  
YOU TAKE  
THE JOB?

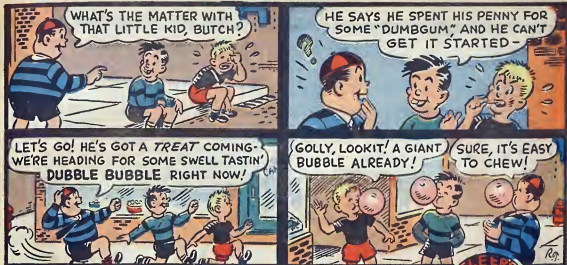
IT'S MIGHTY  
FLATTERING,  
BUT IF YOU  
GENTS WANT  
ME, I'LL BE  
YOUR NEW  
SHERIFF!



GOOD FOR YOU, BELL!  
WE'VE RUN THE GUN TOUGHS  
OUT OF RIMROCK, AND  
WITH YOU AS SHERIFF  
THEY'LL STAY OUT!

BY GOLLY! I  
DO BELIEVE  
THIS COUNTRY  
IS GOING TO BE  
GOOD FOR MY  
HEALTH AT THAT!





Dubble Bubble Gum is best  
for you and me and all the rest  
**GET SOME TODAY!**

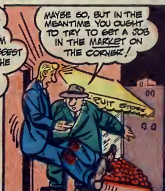
1c with Comics, Fortunes, Facts



F. M. FLEER CORP., PHILA. 41, PA.



WORKING? YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG FELLOW! I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE THE BASY WAY!



# GABBY HAYES

*in*  
**Medicine Man**



ONE BRIGHT SUNNY DAY,  
AUNT HESTER GOES ON  
THE WARPATH!

GLUB!  
CHOMP!

SO HERE YOU ARE,  
YOU SHIFTLSS  
SCALAWAG! YUH  
SPEND MORE TIME IN  
THE KITCHEN THAN ANY  
PLACE ELSE ON THE  
RANCH!



SOME FOREMAN! THE  
CLOSEST YOU'VE BEEN TO  
CATTLE ALL WEEK IS  
THET ROAST IN THE OVEN.  
YOU'RE THE EATINGEST  
COWPOKE THERE IS!

NOW,  
HESTER!



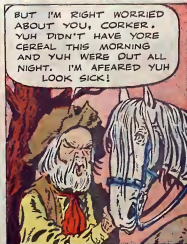
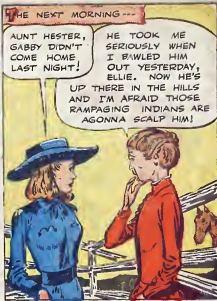
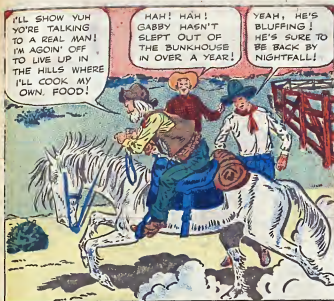
FROM NOW ON  
NO MORE OF  
MY VITTLES FER  
YOU! IF YOU  
WANT TO EAT,  
YOU'LL COOK  
IT YORESELF!

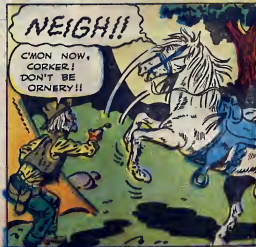
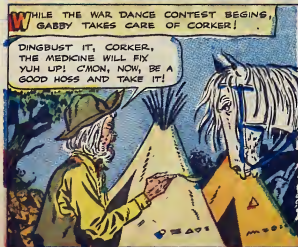
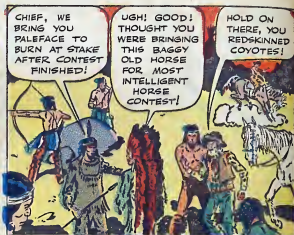
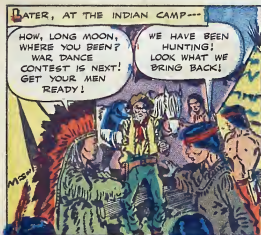
DADBLAST  
IT, WOMAN,  
YUH'VE  
SAID  
ENOUGH!  
NOBODY  
THREATENS  
GABBY  
HAYES!

KNEEL,  
CORKER!

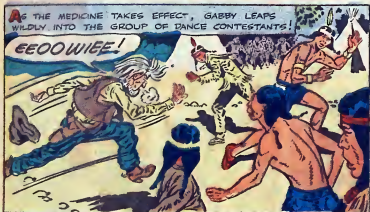


CORKER IS THE ONLY  
HORSE IN THE WEST  
THAT KNEELS FOR HIS  
MASTER TO MOUNT!











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**NYOKA**  
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MASTER COMICS  
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NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL  
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## MOUNTAIN AMBUSH

A GRAY HAWK Adventure

By Dick Kraus



THE CAMPING ground of the Otapi tribe was deserted and silent.

As young Gray Hawk, son of the chief, looked about, he was strangely depressed. There was none of the cheerful gossip of squaws, no crying of papooses. No small boys played with their tiny bows and arrows, and even the yelping curs who used to hang about the teepees, hoping for bones, had gone.

"No one remains," Gray Hawk murmured to himself. "Of all the tribe—I am the only one here!"

But there was no time for daydreaming.

Swiftly, Gray Hawk turned toward several lodge poles that had been lying on the ground. Binding them together firmly and lifting them to his shoulder, the lithe Indian youth strode into the forest. His moccasined feet following a twisting path, he was soon deep in the fastnesses of the green pines. The lodge poles cut heavily into his shoulder, but Gray Hawk did not mind the dull pain.

His father had given him a task to do, and the task would be accomplished!

IT WAS BUT a few hours before that a panting brave had raced into the camp of the Otapi, bringing alarming news. At once a meeting had been called so the warriors of the tribe could hear the courier's message.

"I bring word of danger!" the man had gasped, his chest heaving. "The braves of the Sachem are approaching through the mountains! Within a few hours they will come through Twin Rock pass and they plan to attack us!"

"This is indeed bad news," Gray Eagle, chief of the tribe, had said.

"Many of our warriors are away on hunting parties! We do not have enough to ambush the Sachem and to force them to return to their land. Instead, it will be wise for us to move our camp to the plains below. There we will be safe until the rest of our men return!"

There had been the hubbub of discussion as the warriors of the Otapi, old and young, had given their opinions around the council fire.

Finally a decision had been reached.

Gray Eagle had risen to his feet and had raised a powerful hand in the air. "It is decided," he had said. "We will move the camp at once. Everyone will carry as much as he or she can. And I will pick several warriors to act as scouts and guides on the trip down through the mountains."

When the meeting had broken up, Gray Hawk had rushed to his father's side.

"Father," he had asked, "may I be one of the guards—one of the braves who will protect the tribe?"

His father had looked at him, brown face impassive for a long time. Then the chief had said, "No, Gray Hawk. I must have older men for this task. You help the others to move equipment and food. And when they are under way, you return to the camp to see if anything has been left behind."

Seeing the boy's disappointed face, Gray Eagle had added, kindly, "It is a job that must be done like any other. And now, to work."

SO IT WAS that Gray Hawk had returned to the camp after the others had left, and that he now strode alone through the forest, bearing a load of lodge poles on his back. His father had given him orders and he was obeying them. But it was with a heavy heart that he moved and his normally bright and alert eyes were downcast.

He had traveled for more than an hour through the pines when he heard a sudden onrush of feet behind him.

Whirling, and hurling the lodge poles to the ground, Gray Hawk saw a group of warriors of a strange tribe, lunging at him, war paint gleaming on their chests and upraised arms. "The enemy—the Sachem!" he grunted, clutching for the tomahawk that hung at his waist.

"Quick! Seize his weapon," one of the warriors shouted.

A burly giant grabbed the tomahawk and wrested it away from the Otapi youth. Gray Hawk struggled desperately. He struck at the tall warrior with his clenched fist, driving the

breath from his lungs. Lowering his head and butting, Gray Hawk attempted to break through the encircling braves.

For a moment he was almost clear, but one strong, copper-hued hand reached out and dragged him back.

In a moment, a heavy blow to the head knocked Gray Hawk to the ground. There he lay, half-dazed, but with his eyes still glaring hostility. One of the enemy warriors stood over him, his face grim behind its layers of war paint.

"We are not men of the Sachem," the warrior grunted. "We are braves of the Red Feet . . . the A-Ghu-Wa! We are but a few, but our war party follows us. Soon they will be here."

Gray Hawk lay on his back, looking up at the man.

"We know your tribe has moved," the warrior continued, flexing his powerful arms. His hand caressed the keen-bladed knife that was at his side as he asked the question, that Gray Hawk knew was coming. "Where have they gone? Where are the people of the Otapí?"

**T**HE OTAPI YOUTH knew why the enemy warrior asked the question. He wanted to ambush Gray Hawk's tribe along the trail, to slay the men and boys, to take the women for slaves and hostages. He *could* not tell them! He would have to keep silent. Mutely, his dark eyes stared upward at the tree-tops. His lips did not move.

The Red Feet warrior inclined his head.

"So," he said. "You will not speak? We do not have time to waste with you!"

He turned to another brave behind him. "You," he said, "build a fire." He turned to another man. "And, you, bind the impudent stripling. He will tell us where the Otapí have gone—soon!"

Gray Hawk clenched his jaw as the leather thongs cut into the flesh of his arms and legs. The enemy warrior soon had a fire blazing. Then he heated a pine brand in it. But the Otapí youth could not betray his people! He would have to withstand the torture . . . or his father and all the others would die! They would die just as if the warriors of the Sachem had come upon them and massacred them.

The Sachem! Gray Hawk's thoughts took a sudden, excited turn. Would it be possible?

"Now, boy, you will speak!" The giant enemy warrior turned toward him, holding the flaming brand. His face was stern and resolved. "Where have your people gone? Quickly!" He

lowered the pine branch, and it brushed for a searing moment against Gray Hawk's thigh.

Sweat stood out for a moment on the youth's forehead.

Then, eyes wide with seeming fright, he spoke.

"No! No, do not torture me! I—I will tell you. They have gone over the mountains. They are going through Twin Rock pass."

"Twin Rock pass!" For the first time, the warrior of the A-Ghu-Wa smiled. He dropped the torch to the ground, and motioned to the other braves. "Hurry, we will return to our party and start in pursuit of the Otapí." For a moment, he turned back to Gray Hawk. "And you, boy! We are leaving you here, still bound. If we find that you have deceived us, we will return, and you will die a thousand lingering deaths!"

When the A-Ghu-Wa warriors had disappeared in the forest, Gray Hawk tried desperately to loosen the bonds that held his arms and legs. But they held firm, in spite of all his frenzied efforts. Then he saw the brand the warrior had held, still smouldering on the ground. Wriggling over to it, he held his bonds against the flame.

He had to grit his teeth against the pain, but soon the burned thongs fell away and he stood up—free!

Gray Hawk laughed as he thought of what he had told the A-Ghu-Wa brave. It had been a lie, but under the code of honor of the Otapí, a lie was permitted . . . to save the tribe.

"Go to the Twin Rocks pass, Red Feet," he chuckled to himself. "Go—and you will find, not a helpless tribe, but the advancing war party of the Sachem. Whose ambush it will be, I do not know, but it will be a mighty conflict!"

Again he laughed. With both enemies, the Sachem and the Red Feet, spending their strength against each other, his people, the Otapí, would be safe once more.

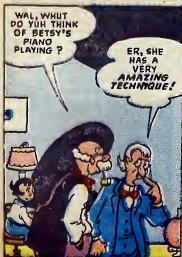
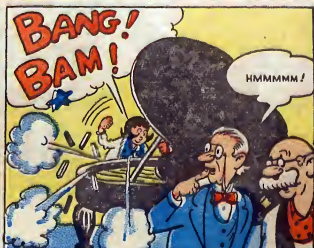
**B**UT now Gray Hawk's brow furrowed. His father had given him orders! Swiftly, he lifted the lodge poles and hurried down the trail. When his father saw him, probably he would say, "You should have caught up to us long ago! Were you sleeping under an alder tree? What happened to you, lazy one?"

And then he would tell him!

THE END

The heroic Indian boy GRAY HAWK is starred in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN.





# MONTE HALE

## AND THE RETURN OF THE WOLFMAN!



ONE OF MONTE HALE'S MOST RUTHLESS OPPONENTS WAS THE **WOLFMAN**, WHO HAD BEEN ADOPTED AS A BABY BY A PACK OF TIMBER WOLVES AND HAD TAKEN ON ALL OF THE SAVAGE TRAITS OF THE KILLER BEASTS! WHEN MONTE CAPTURED THE VICIOUS **WOLFMAN**, IT WAS HOPED THAT SCIENTISTS AND DOCTORS COULD MAKE A USEFUL HUMAN BEING OF HIM! FOR A LONG PERIOD, MONTE HEARD NOTHING OF HIM! THEN, BAD NEWS ARRIVED!

HERE'S A LETTER THAT'S DONE A LOT OF TRAVELING! AND NO WONDER...IT'S ADDRESSED TO **MONTE HALE**, WHO'S A MIGHTY HARD MAN TO CATCH UP TO!

WHOA THAR, MONTE!  
HYAR'S A LETTER  
FER YOU!



THANKS,  
GLEN!  
HMM!

POST  
OFFICE

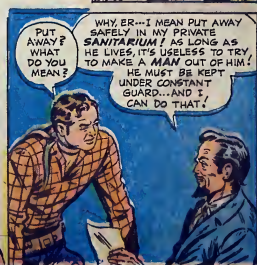
WHAT'S  
THE  
TROUBLE,  
MONTE?  
BAD NEWS?

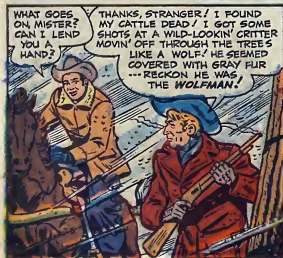
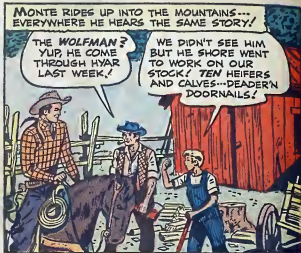


BAD NEWS IS RIGHT! THE **WOLFMAN** ESCAPED AND REJOINED HIS WOLFPACK! THEY WANT ME TO COME AND HUNT FOR HIM!

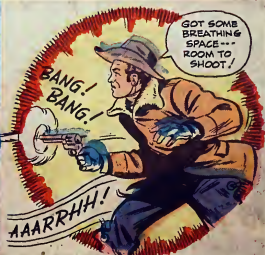
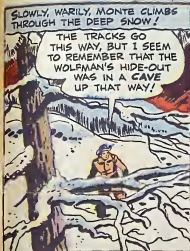


THE **WOLFMAN** ESCAPED ??  
LOOKS AS IF MONTE HALE IS  
GOING TO HAVE HIS HANDS FULL!

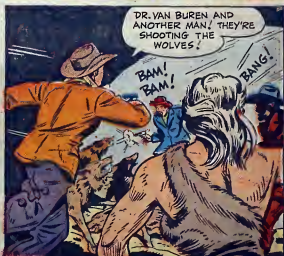
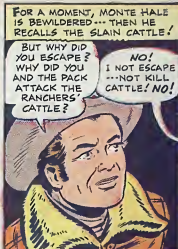
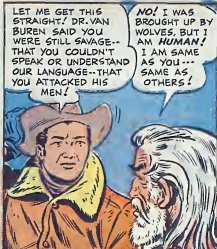


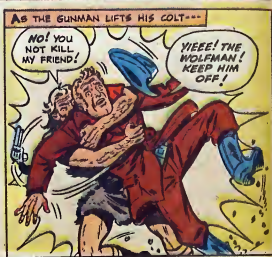
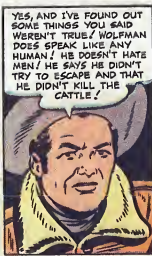




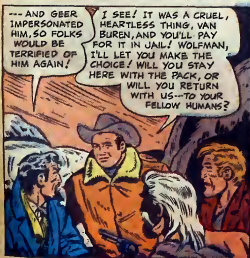






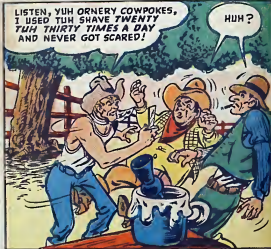
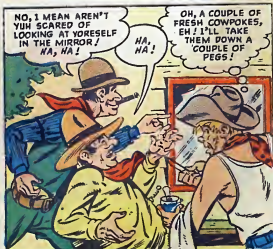






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THEIR PICNIC INTERRUPTED BY A SUDDEN RAGING BRUSH FIRE, "R.C." AND QUICKIE HEAR CHILDREN SCREAMING AND RUN TO THE RESCUE....

THERE ARE THE KIDS! THEY'RE TRAPPED!

FIRE!

HELP!

FIRE!

WE...WE'LL NEVER... (PUFF) MAKE IT... "R.C."!

REST A MINUTE, QUICKIE... THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA WILL PERK YOU UP! I'LL SOAK OUR HANDKERCHIEFS TO PUT OVER OUR FACES!



LATER... "R.C." AND QUICKIE UNPACK THEIR KNAPSACK AND TREAT THE KIDS TO AN RC! TRY RC YOURSELF! IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT GIVES ALL THREE: ● COOL REFRESHMENT! ● TWO FULL GLASSES! ● BEST BY TASTE-TEST FLAVOR!

